"Melody Mike's Music Shop" is Broadcast Monday evenings over Coast-to-Coast Network of Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph Company's Transmission System.

MELODY MIKE'S FAVORITE IRISH SONGS

— No. 1 —

CONTENTS

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS 12

COME BACK TO ERIN 9

CRUISKEEN LAWN 16

HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS, THE 18

KILLARNEY 4

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER, THE 6

LOW-BACKED CAR, THE 14

With the Compliments of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

BROADCAST CREATIONS
RADIO MUSIC COMPANY LTD. TORONTO CANADA

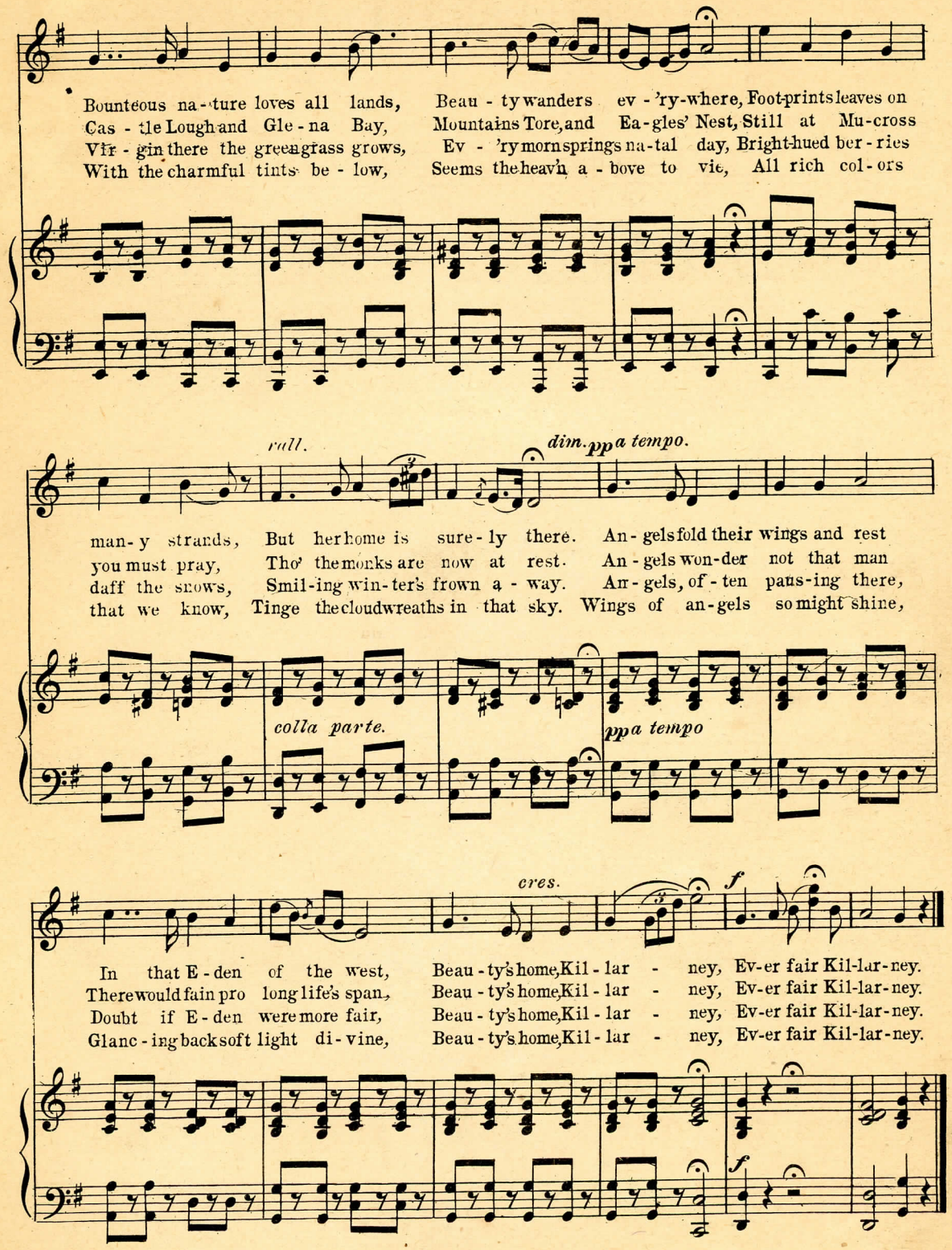
KILLARNEY.

Edited Edition.

M. W. BALFE, (Last song.)

Moderato.

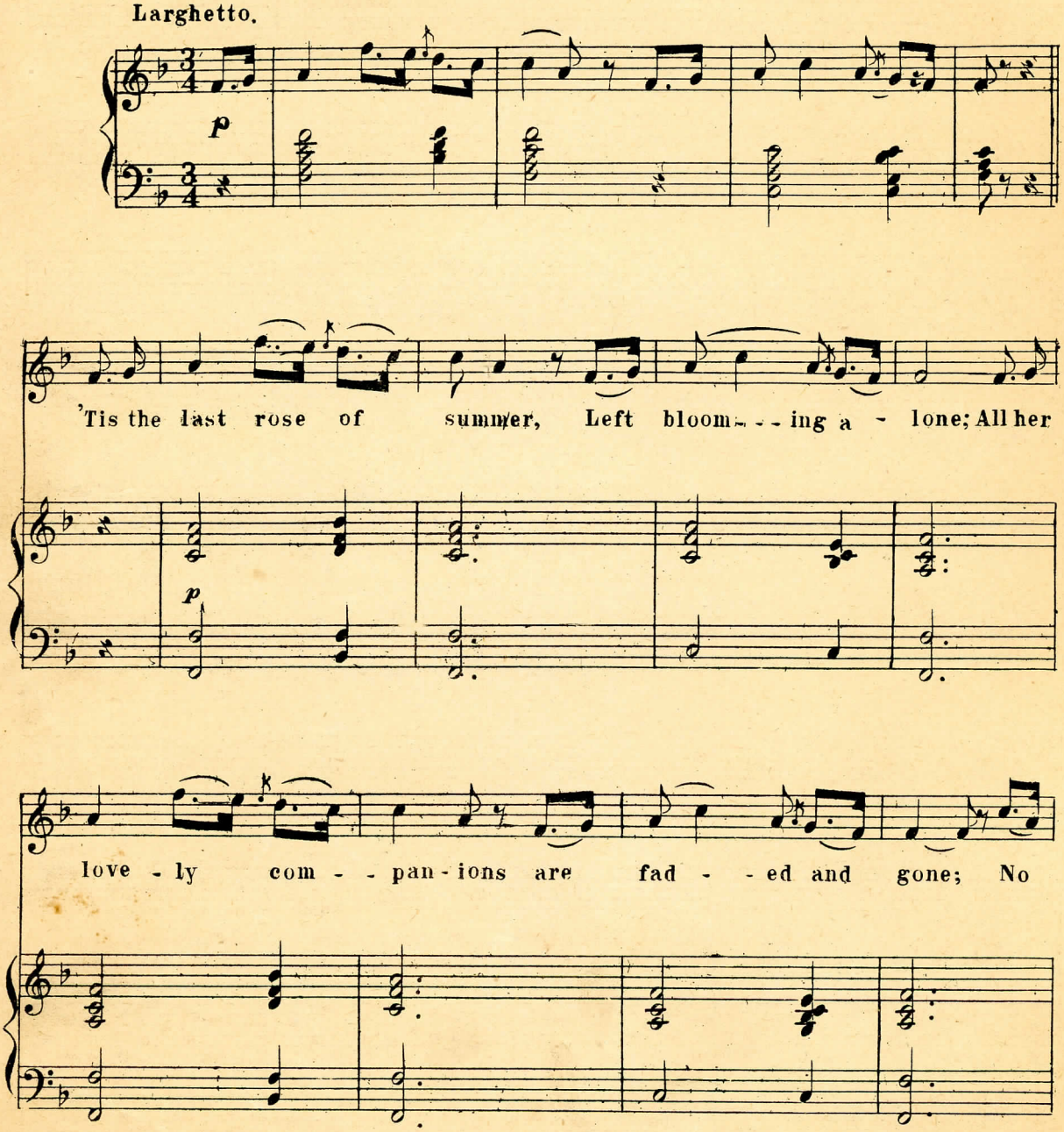
f
p
By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em-'rald isles and wind-ing bays,
In-nis-fal-len's ru-ined shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh,
No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints,
Mu-sic there for Ech-o dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo-ny,
Mountain paths and wood-land dells, Mem-ry ev-er fond-ly strays;
But man's faith can neer de-cline, Such God's won-ders float-ing by;
Ev-'ry rock that you pass by, Ver-dure broid-ers or besprints;
Man-y voiced the cho-rus swells Till it faints in ec-stacy;
sf

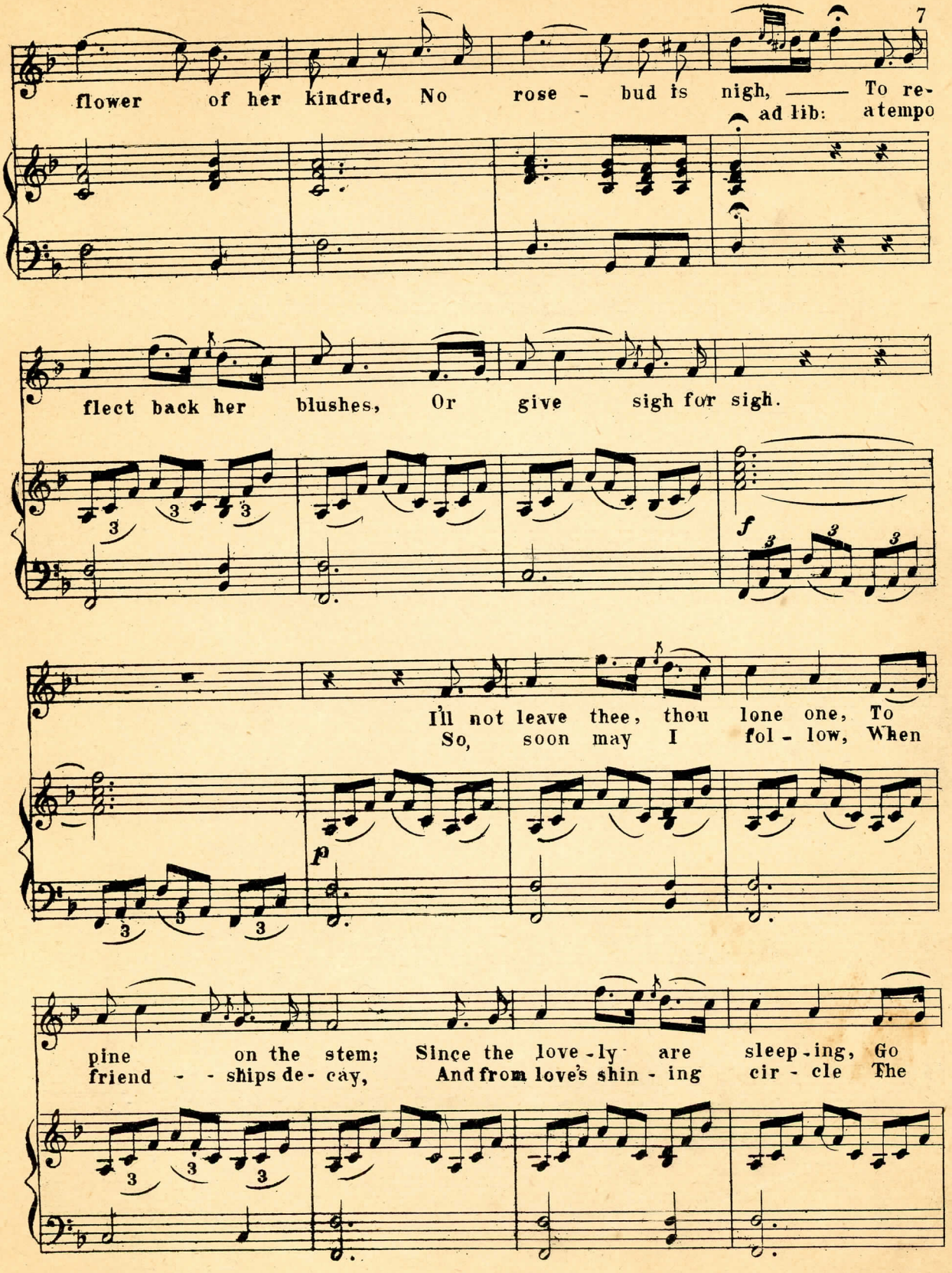

Bounteous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wanders ev - 'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on
Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na Bay, Mountains Tore, and Ea-gles' Nest, Still at Mu-cross
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries
With the charmful tints be - low, Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors
rall.
dim. pp a tempo.
man - y strands, But her home is sure - ly there. An - gels fold their wings and rest
you must pray, Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels won-der not that man
daff the snows, Smil-ing win-ter's frown a - way. An - gels, of - ten paus-ing there,
that we know, Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine,
colla parte.
pp a tempo
cres.
f
In that E - den of the west, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
There would fain pro long life's span, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
Doubt if E - den were more fair, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
Glanc - ing back soft light di - vine, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
f

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

MOORE.

Larghetto.




flower of her kindred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-
ad lib: a tempo
flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
f
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To
So, soon may I fol - low, When
p
pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go
friend - - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The

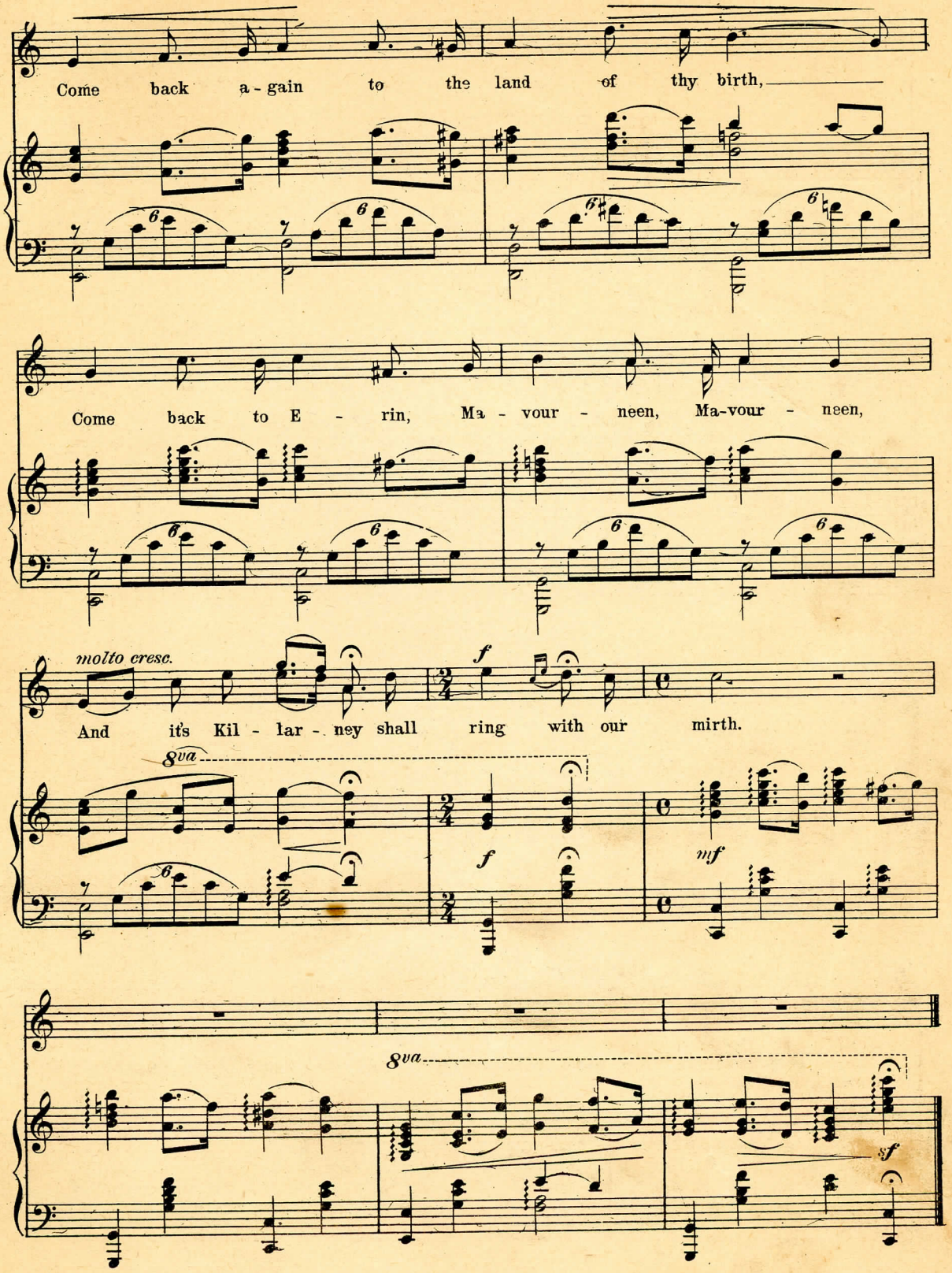
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - - - ly I
gems drop a - way. When true hearts lie
ad lib.
a tempo.
scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy
withered, And fond ones are flown, Oh!
mates of the gar - - den Lie
who would in - - - hab - - it This
6
6
6
scent less and dead.
bleak world a - lone?
dim e rit:

Come Back to Erin.

CLARIBEL.

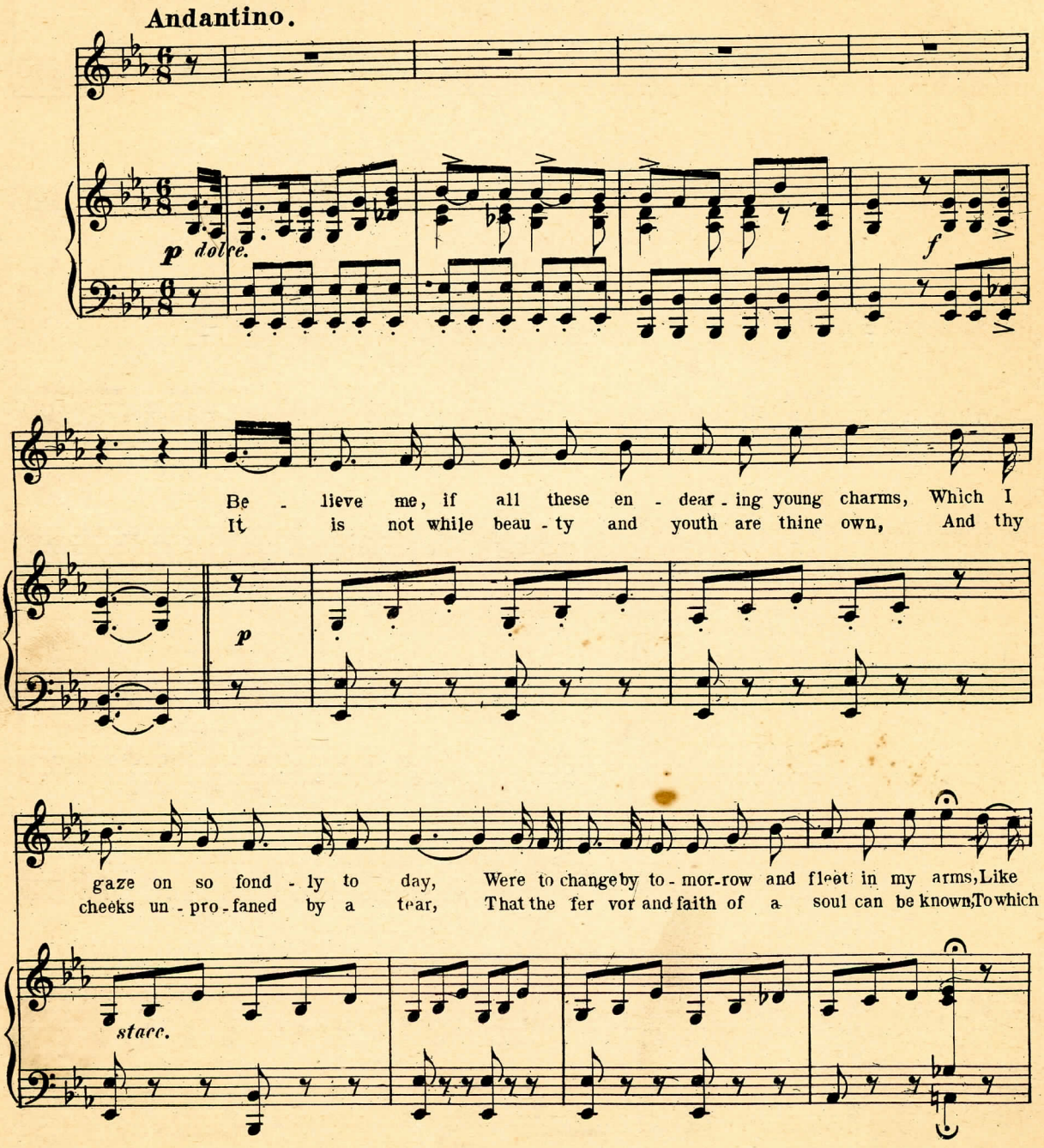
Moderato.
8va
mf
p
1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
3. O may the An - gels, A - wa - kin' and sleep - in;
p
rit.
p a tempo.
Come back, A-roon, to the land of thy birth, Come with the sham-rocks and
Long shone the white sail that bore thee a - way, Rid - ing the white waves, that
Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way, And it's my prayers will con-
rit.
p a tempo.
spring-time, Ma-vour - neen, And it's Kill-ar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
fair sum - mer morn - in; Just like a May flower a - float on the bay.
sign to their keep - in' Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.

p
Sure, when we sent ye to
O but my heart sank, when
When by the fire - side, I
f
p
beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
clouds came be - tween us,
watch the bright em - bers,
Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down,
Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee,
mf
Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star - ling,
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean,
Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re-mem - bers,
O - ver the moun - tain, the
Far, far a - way, where my
Or if her thoughts may be
mf
Animato.
mf
Bluffs and the Bays!
col - leen had flown. Then come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,
cross - ing to me.
mf

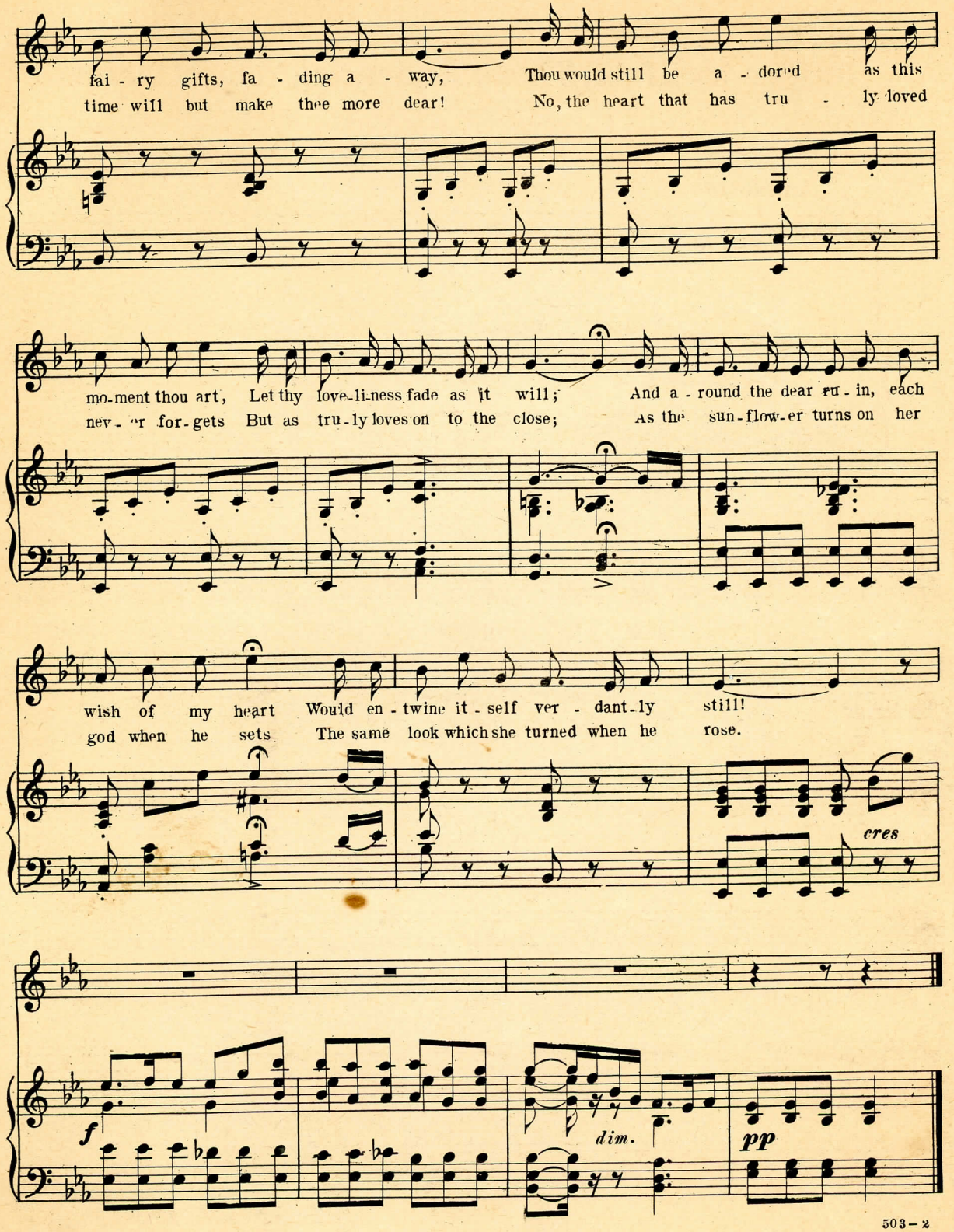

Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,
Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,
molto cresc.
f
And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
8va
f
mf
8va
f

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

Words by THOMAS MOORE. Air "MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND."


Andantino.
p dolce.
f
Be - lieve me, if all these en - dear - ing young charms, Which I
It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy
p
gaze on so fond - ly to day, Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like
cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear, That the fer vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which
stacc.

Edited Edition.


fai - ry gifts, fa - ding a - way, Thou would still be a - dored as this
time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved
mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in, each
nev - er for-gets But as tru-ly loves on to the close; As the sun-flow-er turns on her
wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant-ly still!
god when he sets The same look which she turned when he rose.
cres
f
dim.
pp

Believe me.

The Low Back'd Car.

Lively, but not too fast.

nf
p
1. When
2. In
3. Sweet
4. I'd
first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket day; A
bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y Mars, With
Peg - gy round her car, sir! Has strings of ducks and geese, But the
rath - er own that car, sir! With Peg - gy by my side, Than a
p
low back'd car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But
his - tile scythes de - mands his tythes Of death in war like cars. But
scores of hearts she slaugh - ters, By far out-num - ber these; While
coach and four, and gold ga-lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the

mf
when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
Peg - gy peace - ful god - - dess, Has darts in her bright eyes, That
she a - mong her poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle - dove, Well
la dy would sit for - ninst× me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While
mf
flow'r was there that could com - pare, To the bloom - ing girl I sing! As she
knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they fly; While she
worth the cage, I do en - gage, Of the bloom - ing god of love! While she
Peg - gy would be be - side me,_ With my arm a - round her waist, As we
f
f
sat in her low back'd car, The man at the turn - pike bar, Nev - er
sits in her low back'd car, Than bat - tle more dan - grous far, For the
sits in her low back'd car, The lov - ers come near and far, And
drove in her low back'd car, To be mar - ried by Fa - ther Maher, Oh, my
rall.
a tempo
ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low back'd car.
doc - tor's art Can - not cure_ the heart, That is hit from the low back'd car.
en - vy the chick - en, That Peg - gy is pickin; While she sits in her low back'd car.
heart would beat high, At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low back'd car!

×Before.

The Cruiskeen Lawn.

(The Little Jug.)

Allegretto con spirito.

OLD IRISH MELODY

f
p
1. Let the farm - er praise his grounds, Let the hunt - er praise his hounds, And the
2. Im mor - tal - and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, god of wine, Ore -
3. And when grim death ap - pears, In a few but pleas - ant years, To
p
Shep herd his sweet scent - ed lawn; But
ate me by a - dop tion your son; In
tell me that my glass has run, I'll
mf

The Cruiskeen Lawn.

I more blest than they, Spend each hap - py night and day, With my charm-ing lit - tle cruis-keen
hope that you'll com-ply, That my glass shall ne'er run dry, Nor my smil - ing lit - tle cruis-keen
say be - gone you knave! For great Bac - chus gave me leave To take an-oth - er cruis-keen
mf
lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh, my smil - ing lit - tle cruis - keen lawn!
lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh, my smil - ing lit - tle cruis - keen lawn!
lawn, lawn, lawn. Oh, my smil - ing lit - tle cruis - keen lawn!
f CHORUS.
Gra - ma-chree ma - cruis - keen, Slain - te - geal ma-vour - neen, Gra - ma-chree a cool - in'
f
bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in' bawn.
1st & 2d Verse.
3d Verse.
bawn.
f

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

(Gramachree.)

Air:– MOLLY ASTHORE.

Molto espressivo.

mf
p
1. The Harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of Mus-ic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright The harp of Ta- ra swells; The
p
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So
chord, a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus
mf
sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is
mf
hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks, To show that still she lives!